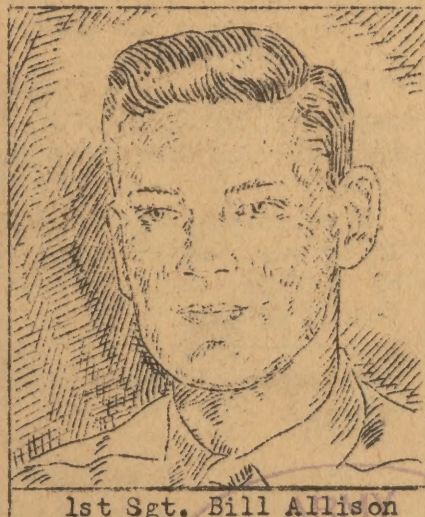


## PVT. CHURCH HITS ROME 4 MONTHS BEFORE ATTACK

Pvt. Dallas E. Church, ward attendant in Building 207, beat the Allies to Rome by four months and ten days. He stood on the outskirts of the former Axis capital within twelve hours after a large invasion force stormed into the Anzio beachhead 27 fiery miles away.

Church, who served 18 months overseas with a combat engineer outfit through the invasion of Africa, (Cont'd on page 9)

## ALLISON BEMOANS REACHING "THE END OF THE TRAIL"



1st Sgt. Bill Allison

By Pfc. Bernard Asbel

Acting 1st Sergeant Bill Allison sat drowned in a day room sofa, his chin resting limp on an ash-tray standing between his knees.

"What's up, Bill?" we asked. We blushed at that unforgivable faux pas, and made a new entrance. "Good day, Sgt. Allison."

"Uh, Hello." It was apparent that he was in a talkative mood. We milked him.

"I'll tell you," he volunteered, after half a dozen BANNER nickels sent six good cokes pouring down the Allison gullet. He's always ready to talk for the press. "I was a buck-A-private kicking back mud with the 3rd Infantry Division for a long time. Tough. If my CO ever ambled over and quietly asked me how I'd like to be a first sergeant, it would been the end. I would have dropped dead.

"Things haven't changed much. Go away. I'm recuperating."

(cont'd. on page 8)

## TAXICAB DRIVERS' FIELD DAY ON McGUIRE FARES IS ENDED

A BANNER SPECIAL

McGuire GI's are getting fed up...and rightfully so...with placing a pocketbook at the mercy of a cab driver every time it becomes necessary to hop a taxi to the hospital. No one seems to know just what the fare should be...or will be when the driver speaks his piece after rolling up to the barracks door.

So far fares ranging from 75 cents to \$1.50 for the first passenger have been shelled out.

The BANNER has felt that the matter ought to be checked. Even if the various taxi outfits in town can't get their heads together on a price, each of them has been pinned down to their own charge. No one need pay any more than the price set by the operator.

(cont'd. on page 5)



### EDITORIAL BOARD

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Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff  
Sgt. Edward T. Paier

### CONTRIBUTORS

S/Sgt. Bill Allison  
Sgt. Frank Wilson  
Sgt. Neil J. O'Keefe  
Cpl. Lester B. West

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Published twice monthly  
for the personnel of the  
McGuire General Hospital by  
the Public Relations Of-  
fice. Approved periodical  
number: APN-3-19-M.

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Contributions and sug-  
gestions will be appre-  
ciated and may be sub-  
mitted to the Public Rela-  
tions Office.

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The BANNER uses material  
furnished by Camp News-  
paper Service, 205 E. 42  
St., N.Y. 17, N.Y. Credi-  
ted material may not be  
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## A MILLION ACTS OF MERCY

Do you remember the battle of Tarawa. . .one of the most tragic and costly battles of this war? Before they went into that battle, the Tenth Regiment of Marines took up a collection among themselves and sent a contribution of \$300.09 to the National War Fund.

Those Marines weren't satisfied with giving their lives. . .without the guarantee of victory on all fronts. Their idea of giving was all-out.

We have seen at McGuire a small part of the tragedy of modern war. We have given willingly of our talents and our services that those men who have suffered the full brutality of the enemy may return to find health and happiness in their homes and among their friends.

Now we are asked to give our money to the National War Fund. . .known locally as the Richmond War and Community Fund.

A contribution to the War Fund is not charity. It is our way of going all-out. It is our way of making complete what the wounded men here fought so hard to bring so far. It is an essential and vital step in the final drive for a conclusive victory in which our armies are now engaged.

This important responsibility has been assigned to us as soldiers and citizens on the home front.

A contribution to the War Fund is not one contribution alone. It is a million acts of mercy.

It might be a surgical instrument for a medical tent in China. . .perhaps a bingo game in a USO Club. . .a package of food for a boy who exists in the futureless world of an enemy prison camp. . .or a radio in a rest home for torpedoed merchant seamen. . .or it might be seeds to enable scorched earth once again to give food to hungry citizens.

You will be handed a pledge card on which you will name the size of your contribution.

Let us consider that card as a question before our eyes: "Are we willing to win the kind of peace in a world in which others are in want?"

That kind of peace will not live.

## WARD 40 PATIENT READS OWN OBIT

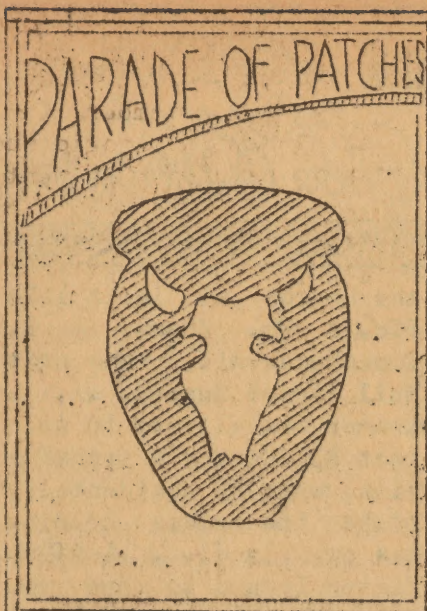
Pvt. Raymond B. Pippin, patient in Ward 40, picked up a local newspaper the other day and gasped.

"I'm dead!" he cried, racing from bed to bed in his ward looking for someone to say it isn't so.

And there it was on page 2, just as big as life--or death--"Killed in Action", and down the page, "Pvt. Raymond B. Pippin, brother of Mrs. Ethel Napier, of 1409 West Main Street. In Europe."

That evening, Pippin, a Richmond boy, went home on pass. Children screamed in the streets, and close friends barred their doors as Pippin whistled down the block.

It all straightened itself out next day, when the erring daily apologized for omitting the caption "Wounded" from the portion of the list in which Pippin's name appeared.



Red Moose (they call it the "bull") on a black Mexican beanpot above marks a man who has seen action with the 34th Infantry Division.

Fightingest outfit in World War II, the 34th fired its way through the African campaign as well as invasions of Sicily and Italy to roll up more combat time than any other American division.

## CAPT. MANN, 2 EM's AND AIR OFFICER CITED AT REVIEW

Captain Jess H. Mann, Headquarters Detachment commanding officer and director of security and intelligence for McGuire General Hospital, this week received a Certificate of Commendation for "exceptional meritorious performance of duty by command of Major-General Philip Hayes, USA, commanding general of the Third Service Command. Captain Mann was presented with the Commendation by Colonel P. E. Duggins, commanding officer of the hospital, during formal Retreat ceremonies Monday night, when awards were also made to an Air Corps flight officer and two enlisted men.

The Commendation given Captain Mann read in part: "For exceptional meritorious performance as Chief of the Operations Branch, School Division, from January 1943 to July 1944. He demonstrated unusual ability to deal successfully with the manifold problems as they occurred in the 27 AST Units and 23 Units throughout the Third Service Command. He made each unit commander's problem his own and considered no effort too great if he could be of assistance in providing a solution. By his superior performance and devotion to duty, he earned the trust, admiration and respect of all military and civilian personnel with whom he came in contact. During the same Monday

(cont'd on page 9)

## YE OLDE TYME VAUDEVILLE HITCHES UP AT RED CROSS

The warm, spicy flavor of minstrelsy and old time vaudeville comes to the Red Cross Auditorium Saturday night in the USO Camp Show, "Fancy That."

John Tio comes with his talking parrot to supply a note of novelty. John and the parrot have had audiences giggling in the nation's theatres and clubs as well as service camps and canteens more recently.

Linda Moody, back from a USO tour of Bermuda, keeps the show swinging with her

fleet-footed routines.

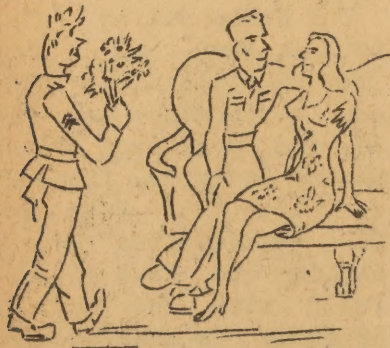
Swor and Goode got together in a minstrel show 12 years ago and they've been a "laugh-till-you-cry" comedy team ever since.

The Connor twins, harmony singers, Don Weston, pianist, and Ray Melville, comedy m. c. round out the troupe.

"OK, America," WRVA's soldier show with Joe Brown returns to McGuire next Tuesday, to broadcast its popular radio show from Ward 12.



The Detachment lads have the stork busy these days. A few weeks ago it flew to Texas to visit Pfc. and Mrs. Max Lopez and now the big bird is doing reconnaissance around Roanoke where the wife of the MP's Pfc. Lonzie Arrington is "expecting". . . Okay, isn't that the way Walter Winchell got his start? . . . Speaking of MP's, how does Pfc. Waine explain that package he received recently? The package was all right but how about those dainty unmentionables and the note "with all my love"?



The expressions on their faces must have been something to write home about when Sgt. McCants called on Lauretta Swanson, only to find Pvt. Patrick Costello there! . . . Things are kinda quiet around 11B now that Sgt. Frank Wilson is at Lexington. Frankie was the big noise at WBEN, Buffalo, prior to his induction.

Now that the Spraker-Erickson duo has gone by

the boards it looks like Pfc.'s Wm. Kramer & B. Tomashunas will be the next Hull Street Heroes. . . . Kramer was all set to collect \$10.00 for a transfusion when he accidentally broke the glass holding his own blood! . . . Ask Cpl. Victor Lewand to show you his incision --- beautiful job.

Familiar sight: Pfc.'s Victor Parks and Thelma Tipton, but you'd better keep an eye on him, Tippy. . . . Here's a note the CQ's, a swell trio of guys by the way, asked us to insert: When you GI's start giving her that line over the phone, remember that others are waiting so make it brief.

Note to Lt. Gellman: Better keep those two civilian personnel glamazons, Misses Murphy and Andrews, out of the mess hall before some excited GI stabs another with a fork. . . . Sgt. Rosenberg has his post war plans all ready. So as not to go back to New York's Delancey Street green, he has now entered the used car business. See him in his office by appointment.

Thanks fellows for your sympathies but T/Sgt. Mario F. Milette is getting over that photo-finish. Nicetry kid! Congratulations, Bill! . . . S/Sgt. Danny Levitan,

up at Indiantown would like to hear the news that's coming forth from the motor pool these days.

A great many people are of the opinion that the Air Corps is the best in the business. It is fitting then that our AC representative, Cpl. Harry Gallin, is the best dressed man in our establishment. Drop in sometime and see him in his sharp red, white and blue striped pajamas.

They called for volunteers at Edgewood Arsenal one day and among those to step forward, acting as human guinea pigs while the Army tried out a new gas, were Pfc. Liborio Balsamo, Pvt. Archie Saracino and Pvt. Perley Woodward. Now there is a remote possibility they may be cited for their deeds.

Strictly GI: You should have seen Sgts. Benjamin Guttermann & Irving Kessler escorting Pvts. Florence Lankisky & Marilyn Kalkut toward the bowling alley the other night. This must be Irving's final fling. His "about to be" is from an exclusive Boston section.

That's all for now. . . . See you around.



# FIELD DAY ON FARES IS ENDED

(cont'd. from page 1)  
If a driver insists, take his number. You may be out two bits, but he may be out a license.

Here it is from the horses' mouth:

**YELLOW CAB CO.**, by agreement with the hospital, charges one dollar for the first passenger; 10¢ for each additional.

**RED TOP CABS** (National Cab Co.) and **INDEPENDENT CABS** have been quoted at the same rate.

**ROBINSON BROTHERS CABS** charges 25¢ per mile or fraction thereof beyond the city line. You can ride to the Administration Building, or as far as the firehouse near the barracks and still be under a mile from the city line. Though Robinson Bros. dodged quoting a flat rate to the **BANNER** on rides to McGuire, **YOU NEED PAY NO MORE THAN 75¢** for the first passenger, 10¢ for each additional.

**MANHATTAN FOR HIRE CARS** claim the same 25¢ per mile rate. Therefore they, too, should charge 75¢ to the hospital.

**RICHMOND TAXICAB COMPANY** runs Packard cars rather than regular street cabs,

resulting in a higher rate. Their rate is \$1.25 to McGuire. This is the only company that has the legal right to charge more than a dollar per ride for one passenger.

And get this: If a driver of an empty cab ever says he won't ride out here, ask if he is under hire at the moment. If he says "no", just climb in and say, "Buddy, I said McGuire General Hospital." He must take you. . . . unless he wanted to quit the profession anyway.

In any case of suspected scalping, pay your fare and ask the driver for a written receipt, with the amount paid, his signature and the date. He must give it to you on request. The resulting fun will be well worth the extra charge. The Richmond Police Department will guarantee that.

Submit any questions or further information to the McGuire **BANNER**.

## GAS RATION

Applicants for new gas ration books must register at city schools.

Bring the back of your old book with your speedometer reading.

# "SAD SACK" HITS LIBRARY

The library is receiving new books of current interest and popularity. A few of the most recent are listed below. Consult the librarian for others not on the list.

The greatest character to come out of this war, THE SAD SACK by Sgt. George Baker, first immortalized in YANK magazine, now appears in book form in 115 cartoons depicting his pitifully funny life in the Army.

PEOPLE ON OUR SIDE by Edgar Snow is a picture of conditions among our Allies, Russia, China and India, written with sharpness and vigor.

The European invasion has been described in INVASION DIARY by Richard Tregaskis, INVASION by Charles Wertebaker, and INVASION JOURNAL by Richard Tobin. The war is moving too fast for writers, but the "old" news becomes fresh with excellent descriptions of fighting conditions.

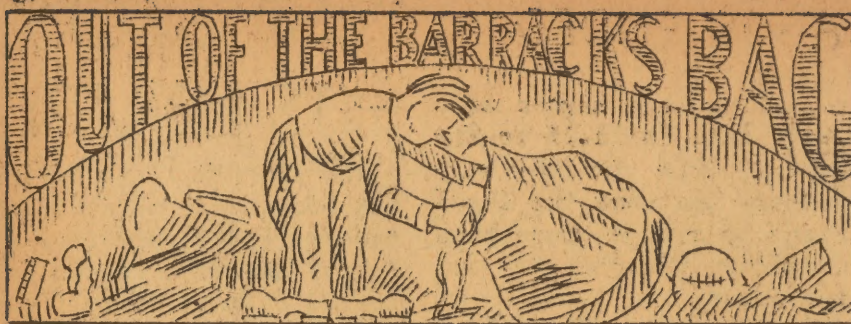
GIVE TO THE WAR FUND

## MALE CALL

by Milton Caniff



## WHAT A STANDING OPERATING PROCEDURE



Apparently derived from the terms "doughboy" and "foot-slogger", comes the new crack overheard in McGuire General wards when an infantryman is asked what outfit he was in overseas. He replies—"Oh, I was a doughfoot."

WASHINGTON (CNS) -- More than 1,500,000 officers and men of the United States Navy are now at sea with the fleets or assigned to overseas duty, the Navy Department has announced.

NEW YORK (CNS)--"The Sad Sack," Sgt. George Baker's famed YANK cartoon character, has now been pressed between the covers of a book. A collection of the cartoons was published recently by Simon and Schuster, New York. The title of the book—"The Sad Sack." The price--\$2.

First Baby in hospital nursery: "I'm a little girl. What are you?"

Second Baby: "I'm a little boy."

First Baby: "I don't believe it. You look like a little girl."

Second Baby: "I'm not! When the nurse leaves the room I'll prove it."

First Baby: "There she goes now, let's see."

Second Baby: (shyly lifting blanket) "See, I have blue booties."

LOS ANGELES --Ramon Vega Zazueta couldn't find the war, he explained when hauled into court on a charge of failing to report for induction. So, he went home after he became separated from his group of draftees.

He explained through an interpreter: "I saw no shooting, no fighting and didn't hear any guns."

"Case dismissed," said Judge Ben Harrison.

McGUIRE GH --- "Confound you," roared the captain. "Why can't you be more careful?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Why, instead of addressing this letter to the intelligence officer, you addressed it to the intelligent officer! You know there is no such person in this hospital!"

CLEVELAND --Tobacco-chewing City Councilmen here had a tough time for awhile when the City Hall custodian removed all cuspidors because he couldn't keep anybody hired to keep them clean. For several weeks the chewing lawmakers spat on the floor and in wastebaskets---but when the charwomen refused to clean up the mess they cut that out. Now, from all appearances, they've stopped the chewing for the duration.

LONDON, -- Autumn rains are increasing the difficulties confronting all Allied fighting men on the Western Front, the Eastern Front and in Italy--and the first snows are not far away.

Along the northern flank in France and the low Countries, when the mud of Flanders still is a by-word 27 years after World War I rains turn the land into quagmires.

The Allied armies in Italy can expect heavy snows in about a month.

On the Eastern Front the Russians can expect the Polish Plains to turn into a bog in short order. The first hard frosts normally come in December.

Intermittent snow, rain and thaws continue for six weeks on the northern end of the Russian front before the ground hardens sufficiently for large-scale operations.

One little grain of wheat said to the other little grain of wheat, after being cut, shocked, threshed, and otherwise maltreated, "I think 'we've been reaped."

DENVER, -- Captain Grace Polk, of Corsicana, Tex., commanding officer of the Buckley Field Wac detachment, was "burned up" too when she learned what had happened.

In cleaning the Wac officers' headquarters this week, a new maid inadvertently burned the captain's marriage license, promotion order, birth certificate, car title and War Bonds.

Wife to drunken husband:  
"Dear, it's time for us to go to bed."

Husband: "Might just as well. I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

WASHINGTON.—Secretary of War, Stimson termed "absolutely untrue" reports the War Department would delay partial demobilization in order to ease the job situation.

A bill proposing the release of married men 35 years of age and over from the Army within 30 days after the end of hostilities with Germany, has been introduced recently in Congress.

NEW GUINEA (CNS) — Pvt. Roy Templeton, of Rogersville, Tenn., stumbled into a bog hole. At the bottom lay a dead Jap officer. The officer evidently had been around. On his chest were many campaign ribbons—including the American Defense ribbon.

# \$1000 QUOTA FOR MCGUIRE SET IN WAR FUND DRIVE

It will be no ordinary passing of the hat in the campaign begun Tuesday to raise \$1,000 from McGuire civilian and military personnel for the Richmond War and Community Fund.

Each contribution will be 59 donations in one, it is revealed by Lt. Robert T. Morrison, officer in charge of the McGuire Hospital Drive. Two thirds of the gross fund will go to national and international war agencies, while the remaining third will be used by 34 local organizations, for such projects as child care, health, group welfare etc.

The war agencies portion of the fund will be broken down among 22 Allied War Relief agencies, USO, United Seaman's Service, and War Prisoners' Aid, Inc., the latter for aid to our own prisoners in enemy camps.

Pledge cards will be distributed to every person on the Post, Lt. Morrison added, enabling one to make his contribution on the spot or promise it for a future specific date.

The fact that a portion of each contribution will be used locally should be no reason why a GI might hesitate in contributing to the Richmond fund, Lt. Morrison pointed out. "The soldier who lives in a suburb of Squeedunk," he explained, "should bear in mind that a Richmond boy stationed in Squeedunk is shelling out in a similar fund there. So it all evens up in the end."

Pvt. (at concert): "She has a large repertoire — hasn't she?"

Pfc: "Yes, and that dress makes it look all the worse."

Girl: "Doctor, will this scar show?"  
Doctor: "That, Miss, is up to you."

## HOUSING PRIORITIES FOR VETS

Special priorities will be given to honorably discharged veterans for building or remodeling homes in regions where a housing shortage exists, the War Production Board and the National Housing Agency revealed recently.

Priorities for emergency construction have been issued to veterans but only in limited numbers of individual cases to relieve specific instances of personal hardship. The new rule gives the same priority to all veterans in any region where suitable living quarters are not available.

Application for priorities may be made at local offices of the Federal Housing administration.

## THE WOLF by SANSONE



# ALLISON

(cont'd. from page 1)

The situation called for opening the third pack of cigarettes. It worked.

"I know what you want," as though he'd been hiding it all this time. "You want me to say, 'OK, men, take indefinite furloughs. I'll turn my back.' But no! Tell the Detachment that nothing is going to change. They can expect me to be every bit as tough and hard-bitten as Kaylor was."

And with no provocation, and to the amazement of everyone in the dayroom as well as your reporter, the top kick broke down and cried like a rookie. Even a ten cent cigar wouldn't have snapped him back from that. Finally, he ran an OD. sleeve across his eyes and raised his head. "Don't you see?" he whimpered. "There's nothing more to buck for." He sucked his lip in restraint and gave in again.

Then suddenly he arose. With a determined stroke of his forearm his face was dried. An inspired light shone from his eyes, and a clenched fist was extended before him.

"You can say this," he shouted, "and I quote. In keeping with the true spirit and traditions of Kaylor policy, I'm bucking for Warrant Officer. This must not be the end."

Be it known, however, that all is not first sergeant with Allison. He is a man, too. A hectic athletic career, including a basketball tour in and around Chicago with the "College All-Stars" testi-

## by 1st SGT BILL ALLISON Looking 'em Over

The Rio Grande team of the Salt Lake City Amateur baseball league, beat Gibbons-Reid 41 to 0 in five innings of play. The Railroaders scored 25 times in the fifth. Can't say we envy the score keeper. Yet what would he have done if the game went nine innings?

Did you know?

Whitey Kurowski, the stellar third baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, World Champs, had much of the bone removed from his right wrist. Yet he taught himself enough control of what was left to

fies to the fact.

The day came when even his semi-pro baseball cavorting nearly brought him glory. Word had passed around his team that a big league scout was sitting behind the plate. Allison saw him, and couldn't fail to notice the scout kept looking at him all afternoon. Bill played his heart out that day. . . his big chance. Then he nabbed a hot one five feet from the scout's seat, and his heart sank. The scout was crosseyed.

Bill promises not to pull his rank on any members of the Post basketball team, which he plans to bring out of hiding in time to enter it in the Virginia Servicemen's tournament in November. And a winning team it'll be, says he. (Is that an order?)

be able to fire a ball around the bases with the best of them....and to hit well enough to beat the Yankees in 1942.

Greg Rice, greatest two-mile runner the U. S. has set his records and established his long winning streak, though he ran with a weird truss which suspended a triple hernia. The truss broke on several occasions in the midst of races, unleashing one of his groin ruptures, but he always finished -- and finished well, as his records show.

When the Detroit Lions battled the favored Chicago Bears to a 21-21 tie last Sunday, the Auto City's play was sparked by Frankie Sinkwich---who had just walked out of the hospital after treatment for appendicitis.

Mike Jacobs, president of the 20th Century Sporting Club, expects Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis and contender Billy Conn to be released from the army after the European War ended and that they might meet for the title as civilians in Yankee Stadium next Summer.



## PV T. CHURCH

(cont'd. from page 1)

Sicily and Italy, will not wear his combat ribbons "because it makes too many people ask questions. This way I can always say I'm just a 30-day rookie and don't know nothin' so let's change the subject."

"As soon as our outfit landed in the Anzio invasion spearhead," Church revealed, "a patrol of reconnaissance cars were dispatched to get on the road to Rome and keep going. I was sent with a squad of about 14 men to trail the patrol and remove mine fields, clearing the path for the infantry. The attack must have been a complete surprise, because the way was entirely clear."

"In just a few hours that patrol was right inside the city of Rome nosing around. I could see Rome from the hill we were standing on about four miles away. We were smack inside the middle of the big monastery just outside Rome."

"Then we saw the recon cars swing around and tear-tail back to the beach. We had no choice but to pack-up and go home too. The patrol had been radioed of a threat to separate us from the reinforcements pouring onto the beach."

"Of course, the aim was to spread as far inland as possible in the little time we had. But it's no cinch to set up support in the rear as fast as a small patrol can eat up earth. A lot of Yanks never lasted long enough on that hellish beachhead to ever see the Via Roma afterwards" Church added.

## TWO MCGUIRE SERGEANTS ONE CIVILIAN AWARDED

The McGuire Suggestions Committee has awarded seven-day furloughs to Sergeant Lester Alder and T/4 Lawrence Enrion, detachment mess hall, for collaborating on the suggestion to supply food identification cards to persons who live off the post.

Florida Henderson, signal office, received a \$5 award for suggesting improvements in making outside telephone calls.

## CITATIONS

(cont'd. from page 3)

night ceremonies Colonel Duggins presented the Air Medal to Flight Officer Alan G. Pettigrew, a patient; the Presidential Unit Citation to Corporal James V. Smyth, and a Purple Heart to Pfc. John C. McDermott, a patient.



## 194? PLYMOUTH IS RADIO GIFT TO PFC. KENNEY

The very first car to roll off the Plymouth assembly line when reconversion sets in will belong to Pfc. Ray Kenney, patient in Ward 62. It is the gift of Ralph Edwards and his "Truth and Consequences" radio program, on which Kenney appeared by remote control last Saturday night.

While Ralph Edwards asked for the truth in a New York studio, Kenney took the consequences at his bedside. His snappy comebacks reached an estimated five million listeners over a coast-to-coast NBC network.

Asked to name a few sounds which would help bring him home to his native New York City, he ordered. . . and heard. . . a hamburger frying with onions, Times Square traffic, a subway slot machine and the whistle of a Broadway wolf.

When Edwards informed Kenney that he was the owner of an unborn Plymouth, Kenney silently grinned a helpless grin. Then suddenly remembering he was on the air, he blurted out an abrupt "Thanks a Million!"

Since Joe went away,  
I've not shown my face.

Will you pardon my ungracious manner?

I've "durationed" my dresses of satin and lace

And I spend all my nights with the BANNER.

# PRISONER OF NAZIS IS HOME AFTER 11 MONTHS IN HELL

By Sgt. Clyde Biggerstaff

"McGuire General Hospital is Heaven on earth!"

Staff Sergeant Carl F. Gibson, Ward 9 patient recently rescued from 11 months in a German prison hospital, compares the comforts and conveniences of this hospital with what he endured for almost a year in Nazi-occupied France, and repeats --- "McGuire is Heaven on earth!"

Sergeant Gibson, 33, of High Point, N.C., formerly a ball turret gunner on a Flying Fortress, was shot down near Rheims, in France, October 14, 1943, and captured by the Germans. Then began a nightmare of pain and waiting which ended August 29, 1944, when two American enlisted men and an officer walked into the hospital and said --- "Let's go."

Starting at the beginning of his experiences as a captured American flier, Sergeant Gibson remembered



how the "Thunder Bird," nick-name for the heavy bomber of which he was a crew member, was riddled with enemy flak as it completed its run over a ball-bearing manufacturing

plant in Schweinfurt, Germany, and how it limped part way home to England and crashed about 30 miles from Rheims.

The tail and waist of the ship were perforated in a hundred places. Our radio operator was badly wounded and then I got mine.

"My oxygen hose (we were flying at about 25,000 feet) was severed and I began to lose consciousness from loss of air and blood. I managed to strap the radio operator in his chute and pushed him out the door. Meanwhile, several members of the crew had bailed out. Before I was able to follow, the plane crashed and I was surprised to find that I was still alive," he said.

Sergeant Gibson's surviving crew members tried to carry him to safety after dragging him from the plane which was threatening to burn and explode. Knowing that he was dangerously wounded and in enemy territory, Gibson demanded they make their escapes while they could.

He dragged himself to the questionable safety of a French hedgerow and attempted to stanch the flow of blood from his wounded leg. Soon he heard some villagers approaching.

One of them, slightly more adventuresome, tossed a quart bottle of cognac to the wounded sergeant who drained the bottle in a few quick gulps.

A German soldier arrived on the scene and after sizing up the situation,

went to notify his commanding officer. Hours later he was transported to a German prison hospital which he learned later was the American Memorial Hospital constructed after World War I in commemoration of the American dead of that war.



Then began almost 11 months of hell, alleviated toward the end by smuggled messages from French workers in the hospital, of the Allied landings in France.

But it wasn't until the Germans fled the hospital, that he knew he was on the way back to High Point, N. C.

Describing the German hospital, Gibson said: "They never abused us and never did a damned thing to help us more than the treatment and care demanded by the Geneva Conference. The food was inferior, consisting of black bread, fat meat and kraut. If we hadn't received Red Cross food boxes from home we would have been in bad shape.

"We were given two German cigarettes a day and we couldn't read American newspapers. We couldn't talk about the way --- we could only hope. When we saw those first American soldiers, we cried. We were so happy."